

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, He make a
sop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly
Barber-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a-
gainst the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, a-
gainst the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or
He so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come
your waies.

Sto. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat
slaue, strike.

Stew. Helpe ho, murther, murther.

Enter Bassard, Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Bass. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you Goodman Boy, if you please, come,
He flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes
again, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour,
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor
made thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could
not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two
yeares oth' trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Sto. This ancient Russian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd
at sute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnecessary letter:
my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vn-
boulded villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a
Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace sirrah,

You beaflly knaue, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a Sword,
Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords: a twaine,
Which are t' intrince, t' vnloose: smooth euery passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With euery gail, and vary of their Masters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague vpon your Epilepticke visage,
Smooile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?
Goose, if I had you vpon *Sarum* Plaine,
I'd driue ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glo. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and such a knaue.

Cor. Why do'st thou call him Knaue?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers:

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue seene better faces in my time,

Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant.

Cor. This is some Fellow,
Who hauing bene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
A saucy roughnes, and constraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.
These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plaine
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends
Then twenty filly-ducking obseruants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Vnder th' allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flicking *Phaëus* front.

Cor. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
mend so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-
guild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which
for my part I will not be, though I should win your
displeasure to entreat me too't.

Cor. What was th' offence you gaue him?

Sto. I neuer gaue him any:

It pleas'd the King his Master very late
To strike at me vpon his misconstruction,
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But *Ajax* is there Foole.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks?

You stubborn ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:

Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.

On whose employment I was sent to you,

You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice

Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,

Stocking his Messenger.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;

As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,

You should not vse me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will.

Cor. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,

Our Sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,

The King his Master, needs must take it ill

That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,

Should haue him thus restrained.

Cor. He and were that.

Reg. My Sister may reueue it much more worse,

To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Cor. Come my Lord, away.

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,

Whose disposition all the world well knowes

Will not be rub'd nor stop't, He entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,

Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle:

A good mans fortune may grow out at heels:

Give

Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,

'Twill be ill taken.

Kent. Good King, that must approue the common saw,

Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st

To the warme Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,

That by thy comfortable Beames I may

peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles

But miserie: I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,

Who hath most fortunately bene inform'd

Of my obscured course. And shall finde time

From this enormous State, seeking to giue

Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,

Take vantage heanie eyes, not to behold

This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,

Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most vnusall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preferue my selfe: and am bethought
To take the basest, and most poorest shape
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, else all my haire in knots,
And with presented nakednesse out-face
The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;
The Country giues me proofe, and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:
And with this horrible obiekt, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Prayers
Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am.

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send backe my Messengers.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remoue.

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame ahy pastime?

Kent. No my Lord,

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters: Horses are
tied by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by th' necke,
Monkies by th' loynes, and Men by th' legs: when a man
ouerluffie at legs, then he weares woden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he,

That hath so much thy place mistooke

To set thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and she,

Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. By *Impier* I sweare no.

Kent. By *Iuno*, I sweare I,

Lear. They durst not do't:

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,

To do vpon respect such violent outrage:

Resolue me with all modest haste, which way

Thou might'st deserue, or they impose this v'sage,

Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home

I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed

My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,

Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, painting forth

From *Gonerill* his Mistis, salutations;

Deliu'd Letters spight of intermission,

Which presently they read; on those contents

They summon'd vp their meiny, straight tooke Horse,

Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,

And meeting heere the other Messenger,

Whose welcome I percei'd had poison'd mine,

Being the very fellow which of late

Dispiad so sawcily against your Highnesse,

Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;

He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,

Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespassed worth

The shame which heere it suffers. (way,

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that

Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,

But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.

Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key to th' poore.

But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolours for thy

Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!

Historica passio, downe thou climbing sorrow,

Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here.

Gent. Made you no more offence,

But what you speake of?

Kent. None:

How chance the the King comes with so small a number?

Foole. And thou hadst bene set i'th' Stocks for that

question, thou'd'st well deseru'd it.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach

thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their

noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's

not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-

ing; let go thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a

hill, lea't it breake thy necke with following. But the

great one that goes v'ward, let him draw thee after:

when a wiseman giues thee better counsell giue me mine

againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a

Foole giues it.

That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,

And follo wes but for forme;

Will packe, when it begins to raine,

And leaue thee in the storme.

But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,

And let the wiseman flie:

The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away;

The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Gloster:

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?

Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

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Lear.